

THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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ABIDE WITH US

Abide with us,
Far spent the day,
And fierce the tempest, sharp the jagged rocks
Upon the way.

We fane would hear,
Like evening bell,
Thy gentle whisper bidding us rejoice
For all is well.

Calm shall we rest,
Like ocean deep,
If Thou our trembling souls within Thine arms
Shalt lull to sleep.

We may not live,
If Thou depart,
For who but Thou canst ever more sustain
The broken heart?

Give us Thy peace,
And let it shine
Upon each brow like gentle evening star,
With light divine.

Abide with us,
For we would stay
Beneath the sunshine of Thy gracious smile
The livelong day.

Thou knowest all,
We say or do,
Tho' men revile, and understand us not,
Still Thou art true.

Abide with us
Till life is o'er,
And we have come to see Thee face to face
For ever more.

—Brother Reginald, C. Ss. R.

FATHER TIM CASEY

"What! Another drive!"

"Exactly! You know the Sisters of the Good Shepherd must build an addition to their institution or else turn away hundreds of poor creatures whom they would gladly assist."

"These drives are becoming a nuisance! Only last month I gave five dollars towards the St. Joseph's Orphans' Home Drive! And here's another ——"

"That is, you gave one day's wages. Good! You will have a reward in heaven because you contributed one day's service to Christ's poor. But you know the good Sisters give three hundred and sixty-five days' service every year for the same cause—no Union Hours either, mind. When you reflect on that, don't you feel a little bit ashamed for raising a fuss because you are asked to give another day's service this month?"

Robert Muldoon must have felt a little bit ashamed, for he ended by putting his name on the Drive Committee. That is how he happened to find himself, one hot summer afternoon, with the Reverend Father Timothy Casey and other members of the Committee in the reception room of the Convent of the Good Shepherd.

Robert was a good man, and the peace and quiet and hallowed air of the convent reception room appealed to all that was best in him. The time spent in awaiting the arrival of a tardy member of the Committee did not hang heavy on his hands. He had made an inventory of the room and was now standing before a rich painting,—a present to the Sisters from a benefactor in France. It showed "Christ Blessing the Little Children". So deeply was he impressed by the life-like representation that only after some minutes did he notice Father Casey standing beside him.

"A striking picture," observed the priest.

"I never saw the like of it in my life!" returned Muldoon enthusiastically. "I could stand here looking at it for an hour. It does me more good than a sermon."

"You forget the restful sleep you get during a sermon," said the priest laughing.

"Ah, Father Tim, will you never stop harping on that one time that you saw me nodding?"

"Robert," said the priest growing serious again, "does it make you

feel that you would be glad to have the kind and gentle Saviour bless your own little ones?"

"I'd gladly give all that I have, Father Tim, for such a privilege."

"You would give all that you have! Robert Muldoon, you are a great hand with your jokes."

"Jokes, is it? Why, I never was more serious in my life."

"Surely you're joking. You don't mean what you say."

"God forgive you, Father Tim! I'm telling you I do mean it."

"I don't mind your *telling*; I mind your *doing*. Didn't you yourself bring your children to the moving picture show last Sunday night during Benediction?"

"I did that. It was a clean decent picture, and they were after me to go. The little rascals are crazy about shows. Why, when I was their age I thought it was heaven to see a circus once a year. But what has that to do with the question?"

"What is the Blessed Sacrament?"

"It's our Lord Himself, of course," replied Muldoon.

"Our Lord really and truly—just as He is represented in that picture, for instance?"

"Just the same. Sure, isn't that what we were always taught?"

"And Benediction," continued the priest, "is blessing. What therefore is Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament?"

"It is—why, it is our Lord Himself blessing us."

"Just the same as when He blessed the children as shown there in that picture?"

"Why—yes—I suppose it is just the same."

"Precisely!" cried Father Casey. "But look here: it was announced that there would be Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in St. Mary's, Sunday evening at half-past-seven; in other words, that at half-past-seven Sunday evening in St. Mary's our Divine Saviour Himself would bless all those who cared enough to come there and receive His blessing. And you—instead of bringing your little ones to the church to receive that blessing—you took them to the picture show. That is why I cannot bring myself to believe that you are in earnest when you say that you would give everything you possess to have our Saviour bless your children."

Robert Muldoon had never been known to stall at an answer. For once he was nonplussed—he was dumb. After a moment's silence the priest continued:

"I have long been reflecting on a puzzle. I am going to propose it to you; I think you ought to be able to answer it."

Muldoon heaved a sigh of relief thinking that the disconcerting subject of missing Benediction had been dropped at last.

"I'm an indifferent hand at solving puzzles, Father Tim," he said modestly—meaning, of course: "You'll find me as ready a wit as the next one."

"What puzzles me," began the priest, "is the mental process through which a great number of my parishioners pass. You are one of the number. That is why I think you ought to be able to solve my riddle."

"Yes, Father Tim." Muldoon wondered what was coming.

"It's this matter of missing Benediction. [O-yeh, here is the dreaded question again.] The total attendance at all the Masses in St. Mary's of a Sunday morning is about two thousand. Now, how many are there at Benediction on Sunday evening?"

"I suppose, Father Tim—there'd be—say, about ——"

"Look here, Robert," said the priest, "how can you attempt to answer that question? Are you ever at Benediction yourself?"

"I only missed once during Lent," replied Muldoon.

"Oh, that was something special—the Lenten Course. I suppose you were there too for the Forty Hours. But I mean when there was nothing special going on—just ordinary Sunday evening Benediction. How many times did you attend during the last twelve months?"

"Why, to be honest with you, Father Tim, I wasn't there once."

"I know you weren't. Therefore you cannot say how many attend. I will tell you. Out of the two thousand who come to Mass Sunday morning, not more than eighty or ninety return for Benediction in the evening. Now, what is the reason for this? That is the puzzle I want solved."

"Indeed, Father Tim, I guess it's because it is a mortal sin to miss Mass, and it is no sin at all to miss Benediction."

"So," said the priest, "the reason why our good Catholics do not come to the church to receive our Saviour's blessing, is because He does not drive them there under pain of sin—is that it?"

"I suppose it is," replied Muldoon lamely.

"Take another look at that picture," continued the priest. "In the background you see a little stone cottage with smoke curling up from the chimney. It shows that the good housewife had been preparing the evening meal. Do you suppose that this Jewish woman called her

children in to supper and said: 'We won't bother about going out to get the blessing of Jesus because it's no sin to miss it.' Do you think she did that?"

"I hardly think she did," answered Muldoon.

"Nor I either," returned the priest. "We condemn the Jews and talk as though we had a monopoly on devotion towards the Saviour, and yet did these Jewish women not prize His blessing more than four-fifths of the Christian parents in this parish?"

"Maybe," argued Muldoon, "because that was the only time Jesus was in those parts to give them His blessing, but He is with us all the time."

"And because He is so much more generous towards us than He was towards the Jews, is that a valid reason why we should be less grateful than they were?"

"No, I guess not," said Muldoon.

"By the way, Robert, you knew Brian O'Brien that used to live in the little house down by the railroad tracks?"

"I did, Father Tim; and a finer man never walked the earth."

"Night after night, as long as he lived, every one of his children came and knelt before him to receive his blessing before going to bed. It was a beautiful sight. I was present and saw him do it the very night that he died. He was a true father, and they were dutiful children. But to come to the point. What do you suppose he wished his children every time he blessed them?"

"I am sure he wished them everything good for soul and body."

"Why?"

"Because he loved them."

"Did he see that his good wishes came true?"

"As far as lay in his power he did. But sure many a good thing he could only wish for them and trust that God would give it."

"Brian O'Brien blessing his children," said the priest, "gives us some idea of the meaning of Christ bestowing His evening blessing upon us in the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament. Brian wished his children every good because he loved them. Our Divine Saviour loves each one of us a million times more than any earthly father could ever love his children. When therefore we kneel before the altar and the priest lifts high above our heads the golden monstrance containing the consecrated Host, and Jesus Christ, our Divine Friend and Loving Redeemer, looks down on us with His tender pitying eyes,

and blesses each one of us, what good thing is there on earth or in heaven that he does not wish us? Brian O'Brien wished good things to his children, but he had not the power to give them the best that he wished. He who blesses us in the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament is the All-powerful God, the Omnipotent Creator of heaven and earth. Whatever He wishes us, He will actually give unless we close our hands and our hearts to His benefits—unless we wickedly barter away the treasures of God for the false and deceitful gifts of the devil. While the world around us reeks with hideous crimes that cry to God for vengeance, Jesus calls to us to come and kneel before Him till He sign our brows with the sacred sign that will protect us from the divine chastisements, as the blood of the Paschal Lamb sprinkled on the door posts of the children of Israel protected their first born from the sword of the destroying angel. And our good Catholics say: 'It's no sin to miss Benediction; let's go to the picture show'!"

Just then Sister Theofila entered with a shining tray. On the tray were six dainty, hand-worked doilies—two large and four small. On the four small ones were four tumblers and on the two large ones a plate of cake and a pitcher of lemonade. The four sweltering men thought they had never heard such heavenly music as the clinking of ice against the sides of the pitcher as she poured the cooling beverage. How do the good nuns know so well that men are always hungry and thirsty?

"After the Committee Meeting," she said, "Father Casey has promised to give Benediction in our chapel. Would you gentlemen care to attend?"

"Delighted!" they cried—and none more enthusiastically than Robert Muldoon.

C. D. McENNIRY, C. SS. R.

Never fret, repine or envy. Do not make yourself unhappy by comparing your circumstances with those of more fortunate people; but make the most of the opportunities you have. Employ profitably every moment.

—*Davidson.*

"The best manner and method of saving one's time is to sacrifice a half-hour daily for the Holy Mass."

—*Frederick Ozanam.*

A PARAGRAPH FROM ST. PAUL

EPISTLE TO ROMANS, I, 18-20.

We are living in an age of knowledge. All seems to be known by man—save God alone. And with all our sciences of earthly things, can we claim any excuse for being ignorant of Him? Is ignorance of Him at all pardonable in the average man of education? We will find an answer to this question in the passage before us. It may seem shocking. It may even sound appalling when we reflect on its consequences. Yet that answer comes from St. Paul; it flows from his inspired pen, and carries all the final decisiveness of overwhelming truth.

HIS READERS.

St. Paul wrote this Epistle about the end of the year 58 A. D. He addressed it to the Christians of Rome. He did so, at a time when the capital of the civilized world was the common sink into which the worst forms of pagan idolatry were flowing from the ends of the earth; at a time when Nero was amazing that corrupt society by his unspeakable career of outrage and crime; in the very year when Sabina Poppea, now a byword for all that is immoral, was invited by Nero to share the imperial honors with him. Tacitus begins his account of this incident with the ominous words: "In the course of this year impurity opened the source of immeasurable calamities for the state." Hand in hand with such wickedness we meet the vain parade of science and literature. Among the celebrities of the day we find recorded the name of Pamphila, an Egyptian lady now settled in Rome. She wrote a work comprising 33 books according to Suidas; or 8 books according to Photius. In it she treats of history, philosophy, rhetoric. In the critique that Photius has left of it, occurs the sentence: "A useful book, stocked with varied erudition" (*Bibliotheca*, cod. 175). And of this society sunk in idolatry, yet proud of its learning and literature, St. Paul's passage will treat.

IN THE DEPTHS OF THEIR SOULS.

They could and did know: "For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven, against all ungodliness and injustice of those men that detain the truth of God in injustice; because that which is known of God is manifest in them; for God hath manifested it unto them" (vv. 18-19). The persons here referred to are not Jews; because in the second chapter St. Paul makes a pretty clear transition to them as to

a distinct class of persons. The persons here considered are gentiles and pagans as is evident from the description given in the following verses, where the crassest idolatry characterizes them. Yet these persons know God. They possess the truth; and the only truth in the mind of St. Paul throughout the whole passage (especially in v. 20) is the truth about God. This truth they possess indeed, but treat it as a prisoner, bound, fettered and caged; robbed of all freedom of action; not allowed to influence their will and daily life. Truth is the most fundamental blessing of man; for without it all becomes a sorry sham and a wretched lie. To detain the truth, to act contrary to the promptings of known truth!—has St. Paul not a perfect right to brand that as injustice? What sort of prison is that in which truth is confined? Injustice indeed! But an injustice explained in detail further below, as the monstrous pyramid of idolatry; whose building materials are the most hideous vices that debase mankind. Surely a shocking crime thus to abuse that sparkling gem of Truth. Are we then amazed to hear the rumbling of God's wrath hover over such a crime? St. Paul seems to mean that they *actually did* possess the truth. For does he not go on to state that God Himself "manifested it" to them. If you make something manifest to me; it means that I understood very well. Does he not assert in v. 21: "When they knew God, they have not glorified Him as God"? Does he not revert to the charge in v. 32: "Who, having known the justice of God"? His words are few, yet few though they be, they give us a valuable insight into the history of Religion. According to St. Paul,—how did his history begin? Which was the first and earliest form? Polytheism or Monotheism? Surely Monotheism; and Polytheism was only a sin, a sort of apostasy. From these few words we also know what to think of those modern theories that make man come of the monkey; theories whose consequence is that Polytheism was the primitive form of Religion.

At the very least, St. Paul means that they *could very easily* have known the truth about God. God Himself sent it knocking at the doors of their minds and they refused it admission. When a conversation, a reading, a sermon, some mishap in life compel you to pause a moment and reflect; when then reason asserts itself and pleads the claims of God; if then you choke and stifle that voice for fear that a conviction about God will involve the obligation of Religion, of God's laws; and will involve the tremendous perspective of final retribution; if then you impatiently trample upon those whispers of reason, put

on your coat, rush out into the street to seek some diversion that will make you forget such earnest thoughts—are you not detaining the truth, are you not violently cutting short the labors of your Reason? Thus men dare to trample Reason under foot—and this in our 20th century, which all glory in calling The Age of Reason! They plume themselves upon their courage in following the lead of Reason whithersoever it may logically guide them. Yet when Reason leads to God tremble and retreat.

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

The source whence this knowledge was to be derived: "For the invisible things of him, from the creation of the world are clearly seen; being understood by the things that are made" (v. 20). Here St. Paul explains how God manifested the truth to them. On the one hand, it is seen by the use of the understanding or reason. On the other hand, our reason must consider the work of creation. The basis of the argument, therefore, is nature around us. The ever present, palpable facts that surround us on all sides. No scientist could desire a fairer and more solid starting-point. St. Paul would not have us begin from a flimsy device of fancy; not from a premise which must first be elaborated by subtle straining of speculative faculties; but from a basis which all unprejudiced and sane minds admit.

MAN'S MASTER TOOL.

The instrument with which we work is our Reason, or understanding. God does not urge us to act blindly, foolishly. According to St. Paul then, those who fail to know and serve God proceed unreasonably and foolishly. Here the old axiom applies: "The fool hath said in his heart: there is no God" (Ps. XIII, 1). He unreasonably sets himself above his fellow-men. Whether we study the human race with Plutarch of old, or with Max Mueller of our own time, we must always rest assured that no nation ever trod this earth, that had not God and Religion. Nor can the Scientist wag his head in proud disdain, when he remembers the long list of equally eminent, and even superior scientists who sincerely worshipped God. Above all must they pause and ponder when they notice that even such as refused to accept a God, were forced to recognize him in moments when their shallow theories were wrecked by the stern realities of life. It is recorded of A. Schopenhauer that when he was racked with pain in his last illness, he would often moan: "Oh God! My God!" When the physician in attendance remarked to him: "But does a God exist in

your philosophy?" The dying philosopher replied: "My philosophy cannot sustain me in such agony. Wait till I am well again and matters mend themselves" (*Zeit und Lebensbilder*, J. Janssen, 1875). So will many another rash denial of God meet with a solemn refutation in the hour of death. He unreasonably lowers his own dignity and degrades himself to level of the brute. Child of God though he be by the mercy and love of God, yet in his pride he foolishly brands himself as the child of a monkey. So unreasonable is he in decreeing his own degradation, that he will persist in his dogmatic claim even though the champions of his theory such as Dr. Virchow frankly confess: "the link between man and monkey has not yet been found." They boast of facts and nothing but facts and yet construct theories without them! He unreasonably chokes and stifles reason in its search for the Cause of all the things around us. No question more natural than this. No principle more simple and plain to the most ordinary mind. Show a boy a watch and tell him that watch came of itself. Tell him it always existed so. He will smile at you. You see the huge, enormous time-piece of the Universe where sun and moon and stars are indicating time with such exact precision that our finest instruments can hardly compete with them. And will you say: there was no watchmaker? Does the more stupendous effect make the need of a cause any less? He unreasonably compels his mind to abandon the only sensible solution of the problem; and instead, compels his reason to toy with absurdities and make pretence of accepting them sincerely. Any mind can see that things around us come and go, they begin and end. They don't exist by necessity of their own nature, but borrow existence from other sources. They must borrow existence from a Source that itself needs not to borrow, but exists of its own nature. Go on and multiply the number of such borrowers as much as you will; let their number run back into obscure shadows of a supposed eternity, and what have you gained? Perhaps an infinite number of borrowers! But whence did they borrow? Don't you see that you have only been multiplying the need of the Creditor—only swelled that need by an infinite number of titles and claims?

THE SCIENCE OF SCIENCES.

What could be known? "The invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made: his eternal power and divinity" (v. 20). The

invisible things of God! True we cannot see God face to face as yet. We cannot see him as man looks man in the face. However in a way we can see Him: we can reason to His existence and even gather some of His perfections by inspection of His works. Things around us could not make themselves. A thing must exist before it can do anything at all. But if a thing were to try and make itself it would have to do something before it exists, and that is absurd. So the Maker must exist before the thing made. Besides: things that begin to exist and cease to exist, do not possess existence as a necessity of their nature; they must borrow it elsewhere. Hence there must be a source of existence, a Being that need not borrow existence; a Being that exists by necessity of its very nature. But such a being must have existed always, must be "*Eternal*". So we arrive at the first attribute indicated by St. Paul. Then His "*Power*". When you see a beautiful master-piece in harmonious color and lovely proportions, and you conclude: that Artist is a veritable Genius! When you see a delicate mechanism in the hands of a surgeon, electrician, engineer; you admire the accuracy of its tiny parts and their wonderful adjustment, and then conclude: "It required brains and science to produce such an instrument as that!" When you see those gigantic derricks hoist many tons of steel and stone and iron, you immediately make a rough calculation of the amount of horsepower represented. When you see the blinding glare of a flash-light you make a rapid guess at the candle-power it implies. Do not the same principles apply to a study of the Universe about us? Do not the enchanting beauties of sunrise and sunset, of river and hill, of sea and mountain warrant our admiration of the Great Artist that could call such witchery into being. When you scrutinize the structure of seed and flower, of human organism and tiniest animalcula, must you not be amazed at the Master-Mind that could conceive and realize all this? Are not all our scientific libraries but a faint reflex of the ingenuity found in works of nature? When we reflect on the almost incalculable weight of the heavenly bodies, on their velocity of movement, on the tremendous forces there at play, reason is dazed, well-nigh baffled in computing the powers that must lie in the Cause of it all. Then finally, one long, reverend, thoughtful gaze at this Cause enables us to form a dim shadow-picture of *Divinity*. The Cause of all must be Lord of all in Majesty Supreme!

WILFUL BLINDNESS.

What manner of knowledge? So that they are inexcusable." Terrible word, in its brevity and pregnancy! Inexcusable! 1. The knowledge within our reach is so clear and manifest. Just gather together the terms in which St. Paul presents it to us. In v. 19 he assures us in definite terms: "that which is known of God is manifest in them." He repeats it to forestall all doubt on the subject: "For God hath manifested it." Surely he does not consider it a matter enveloped in mists of obscurity. He does not fancy us helplessly groping in the dark. God gave us a mind keenly bent on searching for the causes and reasons of things. God has placed us in full view of the work of Nature everywhere stamped with the imprint of its Maker, and inviting us by day and night to do homage to Him. We cannot lull ourselves to sleep upon the deceitful cushion of fallacious comfort, and soothe ourselves with the idea: that question about God is too abstruse for me! He goes on to state: "The invisible things of Him . . . are clearly seen—they are understood by the things that are made." 2. This knowledge is so clear that the neglect of it involves us in a crime so appalling as to provoke God's wrath and direst penalties. Three times in the following verses is this dreadful punishment recalled. "Wherefore God gave them up to the desires of their heart, unto uncleanness" (v. 24). "For this cause God gave them up to shameful affection" (v. 26). "God delivered them up to a reprobate sense: to do those things which are not convenient." Oh what a delicate, felicitous word is this last: "those things which are not convenient!" St. Paul dispenses me from enumerating in detail all the putrid mass of corruption that is bred in souls that deliberately incur the evil of not knowing God. In other words: St. Paul proceeds to illustrate the truism: Without religion, no morality. Alas! History but too well substantiates his verdict.

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

PRUDENT FATHER

Boy:—"Pa, will you come to church with me?"

Father:—"I would, but I fear I might get into the habit of going."

Is not our will only too often irresolute in beginning to serve God, lest the beauty and happiness of his service should entice us to greater sacrifices for his sake?

IN THE PHILIPPINES

THE CLOSE OF THE MISSION.

You know what a gay, laughter-loving, music-loving people the Filipinos are. Yet like most other people of gay natures, they can be sad, and very sad too. The close of a mission nearly always sees them sad, and often hot, bitter tears are shed because the mission has come to an end.

FAREWELL.

Only a very few weeks ago I witnessed a farewell which I will try to describe for you. The Fathers left the little town, to return home, at 6:30 in the morning. This meant that Mass was said at 4:30 or 5:00 a. m. Yet at that early hour the church was crowded, and many received Holy Communion. As 6:30 drew near the people thronged into the convento to say farewell to the Fathers. Among them was the ruler of the little town, the Presidente, accompanied by the Justice of Peace, the Chief of Police, the District Supervisor of Schools, the Headmaster of the Local Intermediate School, and in fact everyone who was anyone in the pueblo.

The people crowd into the lower part of the convento, and up along the stairway, and into the *sala* (reception-room). At length the Fathers make their way through them and into the *char-a-banc*. There the throng increases. The people wish to thank the Fathers for the last time, and bid them *adios*. They seize the missionary's hands and kiss them, as they ask again and again: "When shall we have another mission? When will you return to us?" Alas, the missionary is sad too, for he knows there can be no question of a renewal of the mission—at least not for a very long time. And when the chauffeur toots his horn and the car moves through the crowd and swings out into the road, the missionary knows quite well that there are many in that crowd whose hearts are clutched by a real grief, and who would gladly look forward to another mission if it could only be promised to them, but—the old story in the Philippines—the laborers are few. It is consoling however that many will treasure up the lessons they were taught and the books the mission brought into their homes, and when the Fathers are far away the people will yet sing the hymns they learned at the mission time.

IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT.

I heard a mission-hymn sung one night under circumstances that certainly thrilled me. I was travelling on a fine inter-island steamer, from Cebu to Manila. His Grace the Apostolic Delegate and a number of Spanish priests were returning to Manila by the same boat. (They had been attending a centenary celebration in Cebu.) A number of poor Filipino families were travelling steerage: they were going into exile to the sugar-plantations of far-off Hawaii. You can imagine the scene: the brilliancy of the tropical night: the silence and almost loneliness of the calm sea: the sense of refreshment as the balmy night breezes replaced the hot winds of the day. Suddenly the silence was broken: from the midst of the steerage passengers the plaintive voices of little children swelled out into a beautiful hymn to Our Lady. It was a mission-hymn: and it must have rung through the course of Heaven that night with a special appeal. It was a cry for help to the Mother of God from little children who were facing out a world that was rough indeed. "Thine we are," they sang, "thine now and forever."

"Ima man kami, karon ug sa gihapon."

Surely she heard their prayer—she who is (they reminded her) the Mother of Jesus and their Mother too.

His Grace the Apostolic Delegate was much pleased when he learned what the hymn was, and calling the children to him, gave them medals and pictures.

A LULL IN THE MARKET.

I heard a mission hymn to Our Lady sung on yet another occasion which I shall not readily forget. Again it was night: the same brilliancy of moonlight and starlight: the tranquil sea: the breezes of night cool and refreshing. This time two of us were walking on a strip of shore that was carpeted by a soft smooth bed of sand. Near by was the mercado (market-place) where the Filipinos assembled every night not only to buy and sell their little wears, but to eat, drink, play games and amuse themselves. Over the din of the mercado the music of a guitar, or banjo, or some similar instrument is invariably heard. No one seems to pay much attention to the music but the people like to have it all the same. This particular night I speak of the musician after several selections, began to play the air of a mission hymn to Our Lady. Immediately a hush fell on the mercado, and as he perceived that the people were attending to him, when he

had ended the piece he played it over again. This time the people joined in, singing the words. Some even threw in parts to the music and harmonized it as they went ahead. Thus for a moment the buying and selling were forgotten; there was a lull in the games; the laughter died out; and from the public market-place the people sent up a united prayer to the Queen of Heaven. How glad St. Alphonsus would have been could he have walked again on earth and listened to that public, spontaneous act of homage to the Queen he loved so well! The words of the hymn, too, would have pleased him. They are very simple and very direct. Roughly translated the hymn which the people sang (and which seems to be the favorite on the missions here) is as follows:

Oh, Mary Virgin,

Pray thou for us:

In all our trials

Be thou our strength.

Star of the Sea

Shine upon us.

At the hour of our death

Be nigh unto us.

Ave, Ave, Ave Maria:

Ave, Ave, Ave Maria!

MUSIC'S CHARMS.

The Filipinos play music from all the world over. They pay attention of course only to the music. The title of the piece, written, as it frequently is, in a foreign language means nothing to them. To Europeans and Americans to whom the piece of music often recalls the words, the effect is at times, to say the least of it—peculiar. Who could not help smiling, for instance, at hearing an organist play during a marriage ceremony: "The heart bowed down by weight of woe?" Or to hear the organist announce as the happy pair returned to their little thatched wooden house: "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls?" One evening a band came to play a serenade at the Angelus on a vigil of a feast of Our Lady—a beautiful custom surely. The men with all their instruments, from the cymbals to the big drum, took up their positions with the chief in the centre. One—two—three—four! Then as loud as brass could play it, and the cymbals could clash it, and the drum could roll it, was it announced to the high heavens that "Tis a long way to Tipperary". On another occasion the people of a barrio

organized an all-night procession. This consists in taking round a statute of some saint from house to house of the barrio during the night. The people conduct the procession themselves: there is no priest with them. A band of course accompanies them, and at some of the houses there is a long rest for refreshments. On the particular occasion referred to the statute of St. Rock was taken round, to invoke his protection against a threatened cholera epidemic. At dawn the little village rang with music as the statue was brought back. When it was replaced in the church the prayer of the missal to St. Rock was chanted—and in Latin too. Then the "musiceros" assembled to play a final piece, and what they played was: "Oh Johnny, oh Johnny, how yo do love!" There was not the slightest disrespect or levity in this. Apart from all else the cholera was too real a menace at the time to admit of levity. The Filipinos do not advert to the titles of the pieces no more than an American musician who knew no German would advert to the title of a piece of German music.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

"Pari Cura," a missionary asked a native pastor one day, "do you think the people understand our Visaya?" "They would not come in crowds to listen to you if they did not," came the quick reply. Indeed God seems to give special help in languages to the missionaries who work for Him in far-off lands. All our work here is in the home—language of the people—Visaya. Still there is a document preserved amongst the letters on mission topics at Opon, which was addressed by the chief people of a little town to our Father Superior, and which was written in English. As the document is very brief, and as it will show you a mission as seen through Filipino eyes, and will, I think, interest you, I will quote it in full, and with all its quaintness. It was signed by, among others, the municipal Secretary, the Justice of the Peace, the municipal Treasurer, the Chief of Police, the principal teacher of the public school, "a Chinese Catholic", and several municipal councillors. It bears the date: June 26th, and runs as follows:

The Padres Redemptoristas, Greeting:

We, the undersigned, faithful Catholics of this town, have the honor to request the presence of the Mission in this locality until the 15th day of the next month of July. This ardent desire obeys the following reasons:

1. Thousands of people in our mountains and neighboring towns, who have just come down, are all willing to confess, and many of

them, to marry. There are another hundreds of people who are coming down sometime this week. Now, due to the short lapse of time in which the Mission stay here, we presume that many of the people can not accomplish their wish to confess, to marry, to attend the Mass, and to hear the sermons.

2. In this district there are yet many *puyopuyo* (people living in concubinage) who have just been convinced to receive the sacrament. Some of them need three weeks in order to prepare for their marriage. In the first place, they live far away in the mountains and never confess since their youth; so it will take time for them to learn and examine their sins.

3. The more the Mission stays here for long time, the more people want to go to the church. It shows that the people recognize the great importance of the Mission in regard to save the spirit of the human body.

4. The town people, as true Catholics, are not satisfied with the three week's work of the Mission. They want the missionaries to stay in this town at least two weeks more, because they are ready to go to the church morning and afternoon, and are desiring to reconfess, and specially, it is their pleasure and satisfaction to hear the speech or sermon which are all based from the sweet words of the Great God our King.

Hoping to receive your favorable consideration, we remain, very sincerely yours—(Then follows a long list of names).

In answer to this request the mission was prolonged for a week, but although the number of Communions was as high as 24,000, still the time was not sufficient to hear the confessions of all the people who attended. In the end the Fathers had to desist from their work through sheer exhaustion. Father Superior wisely recalled them home; but many of the poor people, having waited anxiously for confession, had perforce to return to their mountains unconfessed.

THE PLIGHT OF SOULS.

The quaint English of the petition just quoted will, I know, make you smile. But you will recognize that the little letter makes sad reading all the same. Souls crying out for help—children seeking for bread with none to break it unto them—poor Filipinos who, with all their waywardness, will be Catholics or nothing, crying out for priests to come to their assistance—and few priests can come! It is not sad?

You remember who had "compassion on the multitude, because

they were distressed and lying like sheep that have no shepherd", and who said in this very connection: "Pray you therefore the Lord of the harvest that He send laborers into His harvest."

Do you not think it a pity that those who are good sometimes fail to realize the privilege that God gives them of bringing other souls to Him by their prayers? What a beautiful privilege it is! A humble soul kneeling before the Tabernacle in some quiet church, say in America, can wield a mighty power—a power that will go out over the wide earth, and bring help where help today is so sadly needed, in far off mission lands.

Many people (notably among them Marshall Foch) realize the power of little children's prayers. Few seem fully to realize that that power is in the hands of all men. Sin apart, even the old and the weak in body are still mighty before God. Surely they are. As long as the poor old lips can move in prayer: as long as the heart can beat in prayer, men old and feeble in body can still take their valiant place in the far-flung battle-lines of the Church of God. They can still fight manfully where men struggle, not, for a corner of this earth of ours, nor yet for

"the hollow crown

That rounds the mortal temples of a king."
but for a Throne and a Kingdom that will know no end.

Why do I recall all this to you now? It is because having shown you the sad plight of our poor Catholics here, I want to make sure not only that you will pray for them, but that you will secure the prayers of others as well. You will often come in contact with those who are true and good in the States—will you not get them to help poor souls here by their prayers? God grant that the Faith be yet saved in the Philippines, and that the Filipinos act well a Christian part and exert a Christian influence in the great awakening of the nations of the East.

(The End.)

T. A. MURPHY, C. Ss. R.

Opon, Cebu, P. I.

"I set up in the first place as a politician; but I soon recognized that this was to remain on the surface of things, and that at the bottom of every political question one finds a social question. As I went further, I discovered that the social question itself, if pursued into its depths, stirs up a religious question and can nowhere else be solved."

—Father Hecker.

PLAYING INTO HIS HANDS

Mr. Shannon was a typical business man. Every line in his face spoke of straightforwardness, force, and decision. As representative of the Marshall Automobile Co., he had been sent from Chicago to St. Louis to open a new branch there. St. Louis can furnish as warm a summer as anyone could desire—that is wellknown. Now it was a sultry afternoon in midsummer that proved of peculiar importance in Mr. Shannon's life. It was this way:

Mr. Shannon sat at his desk in the office going over his correspondence. Everybody on the office staff was drowsy, and so was the sturdy chief. In fact, after several futile attempts to add up some figures, he determined to sleep it out. Pushing aside his papers, he settled back in his chair until he found the comfortable spot and in a few moments he was off in dreamland.

He had hardly fallen asleep, it seemed to him, when he heard the door open stealthily, creak—creak. He looked up—but saw nothing, and, in his dream went on with his work.

Again he seemed to hear the click of the lock, and intended to pay no attention. But this time he distinctly felt a gust of wind and the presence of someone. Looking up quickly, half-suspecting to see no one, he saw a girlish figure stop in the doorway. It was a somewhat tall young lady, all in white.

For a moment he turned away, thinking that the glare of the light had spoiled his eyes; then he turned again to the door: the figure was there still, in all reality. It was his daughter. He was about to spring forward toward her with a cry of surprise, when she put her finger to her lips to command silence and with her other hand motioned him to remain seated. Why, he did not know, but he felt compelled to obey his own daughter. Sinking back limply into his chair he stared, straight and immoveable, in fullest astonishment at his own daughter.

What could it mean? At home, in Chicago, she had often come to the office and her visits were like a wayward ray of sunshine bursting into the room, she was so buoyant and bubbling over with mirth. Then the busy office walls, that looked so stern with all the business transactions they witnessed, tried their level best to frown on her laughter and banter and at last seemed to give up and sparkle gayly. But she was in Chicago just now—at least he had left her there with her mother a day or two ago, without the least intention of follow-

ing her father to St. Louis. Yet, here she was. He looked again, thinking he might be mistaken; she was there, true as life, serious and silently beckoning him to remain seated. Then she came over to him slowly—so slowly that her dress hardly rustled. She sat down on the elbow of his chair and laid her hands affectionately on her father's shoulder.

"Daddy"—she began and stopped.

"Yes, Celia; but tell me how it is that you are here? Why did you come to St. Louis? When did you get here? What are you doing here? Is there anything wrong?" There was a tone of impatience in his voice.

"Wait! wait! one at a time!" she said with mock bewilderment.

"Well then," he said, trying to be patient, "what brought you here?"

"Daddy," she answered, beginning nowhere, "you have always been good to me."

"And you have always been a good girl, Celia, only for one foolish notion,"—he added, after a pause, seeming to sense the meaning of this visit.

"You were always my favorite Daddy," she continued with playful irrelevance.

"Yes, yes," he answered—"but what's all this for?"

"I came to say goodbye!"

"There, there!" blurted out Mr. Shannon, "that sister idea! I thought as much! Celia, don't bother me now; I'm busy. We will talk this over later. But get it out of your head, do you hear? You must leave the Academy—you must; you need a vacation."

"No, no! I must go—or I shall never be happy again." She gripped his arm as if to emphasize her words.

"Your brothers and sisters are good enough, aren't they?" he asked, as if reasoning.

"Yes, indeed and better than I," she answered, as if to say: what has that got to do with it?

"Well, then," he went on, "why must you go?"

"Probably because I'm worse and need it more than they."

"Foolish girl!" he puffed.

"It's not I—it's God that calls," she went on serenely burying his logic, "perhaps He is foolish in calling me; but He often chooses the weak and unwise to confound the strong and conceited."

"I say no!" he said with finality. "Leave me now, I'm busy."

She stooped to kiss his forehead while he protested as if displeased and angered.

"Goodbye, daddy; I shall pray for you."

With that she vanished, he knew not how. He leaped to his feet to stop her—and in doing so, awoke from his sleep. He looked around in a dazed and stupid way, only to see the rest of the office-force grinning goodnatureedly at him.

"What's the matter, Pat," asked one of his partners, "you seemed to be having an exciting dream."

"Did you see her," he asked, as if trying to explain this thing to himself.

"Whom?"

"My daughter! She was here!"

"No, no one was here."

"And yet, I say she was. I saw her, spoke to her, heard her speak."

"You don't say!" replied the other man, now growing serious. "Perhaps something is wrong, Mr. Shannon. I heard say that if a person dreams like that about someone it's a sign something is going to happen to that party."

"I believe you," came Mr. Shannon's reply in slow, deliberate tones. "My mind is made up. I leave for Chicago tonight. Here, finish up this piece of work for me and I'll be back again. I must see what this means. Strange! I saw her as clearly as I see you."

And he went away shaking his head. Within two hours he was on the train.

For a long time he had been noticing a change in his daughter's ways and it was this that made him afraid she was meditating on going to the convent. She had given up her movie craze altogether; she seemed to take no more interest in dancing and of a Sunday afternoon she would go down to the Italian quarter and instruct the ragged little children in Catechism. He had no objection to that, in fact he cared little what she did, so long as she always remained the sweet-tempered, obedient, cheerful girl that she always had been, especially during the last three or four years at the Academy. But this idea of going away from home, giving up everything in life worth living for,—of going away from a home just to shut herself up within four walls when the world was made for everybody alike and the world was good in itself. God made it—it must be good—even in their way of looking at it. Then why break with it completely? No, it's nonsense, pure and

simple, he was convinced,—it is fanaticism, mediaevalism. God knows, it might even be worse: four impenetrable, uninspectable walls might hide anything. It could not be; Celia could not be a sister—that was all there was to it.

But, she would be one despite his opposition, it now seemed to him. The thing was getting on his nerves. He had never shown himself angry; but he would put his foot down on this—he would tell her once for all: never!

As the train sped on, he was thus revealing his most secret fears to himself—fears he had entertained, but had never clearly and consciously formulated before. At last he tried to throw off the disagreeable thought.

"What's the matter with you," he said to himself; "no one has ever said she was going to the convent. That was only a dream today, anyway, and it's the only evidence you have! True! true!" And he smiled grimly but skeptically to himself as he reached for his newspaper. For a while he waded through its murders and burglaries and divorce scandals and society sins and godless and scienceless articles and its slap-stick funny pages. The stock exchange interested him. He found himself thinking:

"She could marry Morris' oldest son Harry, and this would improve my business connections. A capital idea!"

A capital idea! That was only the reverse side of the coin that read: this idea about going to the convent is tomfoolery. Morris could ease Shannon's way to millions and Celia could put the stepping stone in his reach. The plan was growing clearer and clearer; but —

Bang! bumpity-bumpity-bump! Crash! And Mr. Shannon, with the rest of the passengers, was thrown the length of the car: at the front end they were piled pell-mell, one on the other, lengthwise, crosswise, squeezed in and bent in, with little care for arms or legs or heads. Streams of flame licked the windows with hissing tongues till the glass cracked with a sharp metallic sound and bits flew in all directions. At the same time a heavy cloud of soot poured in at every opening, making the atmosphere thick and smothering. A rail shot up through the very center of the floor and tore a ragged gash in the top of the coach. The following coach was crowded in with such force that it smashed the rear end of the car in which Mr. Shannon was travelling, as box would be crushed in a vise. It took but a few seconds—then a momentary stillness,—then screams and groans and scrambling

human forms told that they were recovering from the shock. Mr. Shannon lay there at the bottom, like dead. A gash in his forehead from which blood trickled down and several broken ribs made him moan in his unconscious condition.

At last he was lifted on to a wagon which already held several victims of the wreck—away the wagon was driven over the cobblestone streets of the little town to the Mercy Hospital. There day after day he was tended with infinite care by the sisters who had charge of the hospital and after several days of lingering between life and death, at length, showed signs of regaining strength.

As soon as the message of the wreck had reached home, Celia came down to be with her father. At first the doctor forbade her to speak to him. Celia, seeing that the sisters were completely overworked by the sudden rush of the many victims of the wreck, asked the sisters if she might not help until her father could be removed. The sisters were only too glad to accept her services, especially because they did not fail to see her piety and earnestness.

When at length the doctors told her she might speak to her father, having attended to her duties, she sat down beside him and quietly stroking his still feverish head, bent over and kissed him. Mr. Shannon awoke—and seeing his daughter sitting beside him, was reminded of his dream. Celia smiled upon him with silent affection and solicitude. So she did the next day and the day after, speaking but little.

"Celia," said Mr. Shannon one day, "you look troubled; what's wrong?"

"I cannot tell now," she answered,—“later on.”

This convinced him still more that she had in mind to become a sister and that she feared his refusal.

"You know," he said, "what brought me up here?"

"I can't guess," answered Celia; "Mother was so surprised; we thought you at work in St. Louis."

"Well, I came to stop you from becoming a nun!"

Celia looked at him in utter surprise; then she laughed so delightfully that the man in the next bed turned and laughed with her.

"Ha ha!" she cried; "to stop me from becoming a nun! What in the world gave you that idea? Why I had no idea of it until I came down here, and helped these sisters at their work. My heart has been stirred by what I have seen, close as I have gotten to their life here;

it made me feel the call of God and I am wondering how I could respond."

"You hadn't been thinking of it then, before this?" Mr. Shannon in his surprise rose on his elbow and looked at her non-plussed.

"Why no, Daddy! It never entered my mind."

"Well, well, well!" he ejaculated, sinking down on his pillow again. "If that isn't the strangest of all! I played directly into God's hand! By my very effort to tear you from Him, I brought you to Him. *He wins*, Celia! do whatever you think God wishes of you."

AUG. T. ZELLER, C. SS. R.

THE SACRIFICE OF PRAISE

Vocal prayer, that is, the recitation of set formulas of prayer, is most pleasing to God, providing it is performed with attention and devotion. So performed, it is that sacrifice of praise which honors the divine majesty, as the Royal Prophet assures us: "The sacrifice of praise shall glorify me; and there is the way by which I will show him the salvation of God" (Ps. 49, 24).

Here St. Gregory warns us to be on our guard. True vocal prayer, he tells us, consists not only in the pronunciation of the words, but also in the attention of the heart; for to obtain divine blessings our good desires are far more efficacious than the sound of our voice. If then we wish our prayers to be acceptable in the sight of God, we must see to it that they proceed not from the mouth merely, but from the mind and heart. And the saint adds the reason: "How can we expect the Lord to hear the prayers of one who does not know what he asks and seems to care little whether he be heard? St. Cyprian, perhaps, expresses the thought even more aptly. How, he asks, can you expect God to listen to you when you do not even listen yourself?

But how are we to attain to this attention and devotion in our vocal prayers? First of all, we must banish from our mind all extraneous and distracting thoughts. Before praying, the Holy Ghost himself advises us, prepare thy soul, and be not as a man that tempteth God (Eccli. 18, 23). Recall to mind that you are about to speak to God to obtain divine mercies for yourself and others. Remember that He is the Supreme Lord of heaven and earth, before whom the angelic choirs are prostrate in profound adoration. And you, you are a mere sinful creature, whom in His infinite mercy, God deigns to treat as a

beloved child. Praying in this spirit you will escape the condemnation the Almighty levelled against the Jewish people: "This people honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me" (Matth. 15, 8).

Again, if your prayer is to be somewhat long, begin by offering to God the prayer you are about to recite in His honor, and beseech Him to preserve you from distractions. This request may profitably be made in the words which the priest uses before beginning the divine office: Open my mouth, O Lord, to bless thy holy name; purify my heart from all vain, perverse, and foreign thoughts; enlighten my intellect, inflame my will, that I may recite this prayer with reverence, attention, and devotion, and thus deserve to be heard in the sight of thy divine majesty, through Christ our Lord, Amen.

Finally, choose a place for your prayer that will assist you to have devotion and attention. For this purpose it is very useful to place yourself before an image of the crucified Saviour or a picture of the Blessed Mother or God. When your mind begins to wander, a glance at the image or picture will bring back your scattered thoughts and reanimate your fervor. Thus your vocal prayers will fulfill in every truth the expression of the Psalmist: "The sacrifice of praise shall glorify me."

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

Certain persons are like harbors of refuge, to which every vessel will run in distress. When you want to ask your way in the street, you instinctively shun the stuck-up gentleman of importance; and you most readily put the question to the man with the smiling face and the open countenance. . . . It should be a joy to hold a candle to another. It will not waste our own light to impart it.—*Spurgeon*.

CALVARY'S CROSS

The lightning's flash revealed a cross
Upraised against the sky,
Where Love Its lesson taught the world—
For love to live and die.

Though frail and weak and seeking self,
By grace with God we'll vie;
And, gazing on that blood-stained cross,
For love we'll live and die.

—H. D. Sutton, C. Ss. R.

FOUR LOVES AND A LIFE

CHAPTER IX. AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Tom and Ted together with their comrades made their second trip to the firing lines without incident. It was only nine o'clock at night when the long line of motor lorries bearing N Company of the Eighth Engineers came to a halt on the edge of a forest. The men were ordered to take their kits and march. A mile or two they penetrated into the woods which grew denser as they progressed. Then the Engineers were ordered to halt. Out of the darkness other soldier forms arose in response to low voiced commands from the officers. There was a hearty shaking of hands and an exchange of news between the new arrivals and the men in the forest. Tom and Ted found they were among old friends as the men about them were all members of the Eighth Engineers, since the regiment was being as far as possible brought together for work in this particular sector.

Little time was allowed for talk however. N Company was quickly assigned quarters and details were chosen for guard duty and various other tasks appointed for them. Conditions in the forest were somewhat better than they had been in the trenches, but still the men had built their habitations mostly underground with branches and leaves covered with earth to form the roof.

The grim music of war was not wanting. In the near distance rifles crashed, machine guns rattled and the sullen roar of artillery told that the wood was far from being part of the unbroken solitude of the forest primeval. After the chums had disposed of their bed rolls and other belongings they made haste to visit the dugout of some comrades in K Company to discover what might be the chances for action in their new sector.

"Action?" grunted a husky Corporal in response to a question from Ted; "say, Buddy, you'll get all the action you're looking for in this sector. This neck of the woods is a keystone for the position. Hill No. 8 is right in front of us. Them guns you hear is Infantry and Marines pounding blazes out of the Heinies on the hill,—and believe me the Germans ain't sitting still and swallowing their medicine. Sure we've been advancing, but we've paid for every foot of ground. See them bunks over there?"

"Yep," responded Ted, "men out on detail?"

"Detail nothing!" responded the Corporal. "If you need anything

for your bunks help yourselves. Them guys was all knocked off."

"Hard luck!" said Tom; "did you lose many men?"

"Did we?" interjected a buck private, from the bunk where he lay comfortably sprawled; "K Company has been filled up with reserves twice. Wait till morning—you'll find many a good guy has gone out since we hit this sector."

"None of your infantry work either!" chimed in a third occupant of the dugout; "engineer stuff all of it. Trenches don't amount to shucks here. The Infantry push ahead,—take their objective and while the Heinies are shelling blazes out of a position getting ready to counter charge, it's the engineers has got to go out and wire things up for the Infantry. And then there's road building. Say you'll use all you ever learned at Leavenworth all right. Believe me it's some job to cut a road through the woods and when you're done go back and patch up where the German artillery dug holes in your nice new road!"

"Looks like something doing all right!" said Ted.

"You said it!" responded the Corporal. "Something doing all the time round here. But say, buddies take a friend's advice and beat it to your dugout. You're as welcome as the flowers in May of course, but there'll be something doing for you birds soon. Get all the sleep you can, maybe you won't catch up on the sleep for a month to come."

"Much obliged for the tip, old man!" said Tom. "Come on Ted let's beat it to the hay. Good night buddies!"

"Good night!" chorussed the group in the dugout, and the chums made their way to their own dugout.

"Hey, Doyle!" said a Sergeant who bunked with the chums, as they entered their sleeping quarters. "The Skipper wants to see you."

"Where is he?" inquired Tom.

"Headquarters of course, you nut!" grinned the Sergeant in the sickly light of a candle sputtering on a bayonet point, which served as the sole illumination of the dugout.

"Might as well be in Berlin, for all the good that information does me!" replied Tom. "A fat chance I have of finding Headquarters on a dark night like this in a new sector."

"You're a regular babe in the woods, eh?" said the Sergeant. "I was kidding you. Come along, I've got to go over there myself and was waiting till you came in."

"All right!" said Tom cheerfully. "But I hope the Cap has something good for me."

"That depends on how you look at it," said the Sergeant grasping Tom's arm so as to keep close to him, as they left the dugout and started for Company Headquarters. "You're promoted I believe."

"Promoted?" said Tom.

"Yep!" replied the Sergeant. "The Skipper's going to make you cook. You know a cook ranks the buck private."

"Suffering cats!" said Tom. "Some promotion! Does the old man think I'm yellow?"

"Where do you get that stuff?" inquired the Sergeant. "Yellow be hanged! Sure thing in this man's army, the bird that looks for the cook's job is counted yellow—because his job keeps him behind when the bunch goes over the top. But a guy hain't yellow when the job's forced on him. Besides you'll have enough time under shell fire even as cook round this woods."

"Well if the Captain orders it,—I'll have to do it," said Tom, "all the same I'd rather stick with the bunch."

"You'll soon find out what's doing," replied the Sergeant, "here's Headquarters. You go in first. All I've got to do is to report on my details."

"All right!" said Tom. Then he approached the sentinel who waved him forward as a sign that the Captain was not engaged. Tom saluted his Captain, or "Skipper" as the rank and file usually call the Company Commander and said: "You sent for me, sir?"

"Yes!" responded the Captain turning from a list of papers in which he was engrossed. "Say Doyle, how would you like to be a cook?"

"If you ask me, I say nothing doing!" was Tom's quick response. "I'd rather stick to the bunch and go over the top with my pals."

"Well," said the Captain laughing, "we don't happen to be asking, but ordering you. I don't mind telling you, though keep it quiet, that your promotion to the exalted rank of cook came from the Colonel. I hope you duly appreciate the honor and don't poison your pals."

"Gee, that cooks my goose, all right!" mourned Tom. "What on earth did I do that the Colonel sentences me to continued K. P.?"

"I have an idea it's nothing you did, but something you are expected to do," said the Captain with the slightest suspicion of a very grave wink.

"I get you!" ejaculated Tom. "Intelligence work?"

"That I am not permitted to say," replied the Captain. "However I assure you, Doyle, you will have plenty of action. But can you cook?"

"Sure!" replied Tom. "I held down a cook's job in Leavenworth for two weeks, besides having cooked every summer when camping."

"Good!" was the terse answer of the Officer. "Well, get right on the job. Dish out breakfast in the morning. You'll find two others to help you. There's a show wagon some place near you,—you'll find it easily."

"Very well, sir," said Tom saluting and leaving the dugout.

"Well, what luck?" inquired the Sergeant as Tom reappeared.

"Oh, I'm stuck for the job, all right!" said Tom nonchalantly.

"Go to it!" laughed the Sergeant. "Say do you think you can find you're way back to the dugout?"

"Sure thing!" said Tom. "I'll follow my nose that's all."

"Well, don't wait for me!" said the Sergeant. "I may be a long time with the Skipper. Good night, and don't forget to save me some good chow now and then."

"Leave it to me!" laughed Tom; "but you've lost your pull,—since the cook don't have to answer calls or go on details. Good night!"

The Sergeant went into the quarters of his Captain and Tom repaired to the dugout where he found all but Ted in deep slumber. Tom told Ted of his appointment and of his surmise as to what the work entailed. Ted promised secrecy and wished him the best of luck. Then the two chums knelt side by side and whispered their devotions.

As he knelt by the side of his friend whose beaming countenance showed his happiness in his new found Faith, Tom felt that he was nearer than ever to his friend and that a new link bound their hearts together in a bond of more sacred friendship. As he reflected on the Baptism of his friend the evening before, and dwelt on the joy of the First Holy Communion which had taken place on the morning of that very day, Tom breathed a fervent prayer to his Immaculate Mother that she might always preserve untarnished the baptismal innocence of his true-hearted comrade. As they rose to their feet preparatory to retiring, Ted whispered to his chum:

"Tom, old boy, this is the end of a perfect day. Never shall I forget the holy joy and gladness that came to me in an abandoned stable

in France. Gosh, I'm going to try always to keep my soul as clean as it is today."

"Good for you, Ted!" was Tom's hearty response. "That's the prayer I said for you tonight to our Blessed Mother. I asked her to keep you always good."

"Thanks, Tom!" said Ted. "But I know I'm a wild cuss. Do you know what I asked our Lord for this morning in Holy Communion?"

"To bring your mother into the Church?" hazarded Tom.

"Of course I asked for that, but besides I told Him I wanted to go to Him soon, so as never to offend Him again."

"You selfish old duffer!" said Tom reproachfully; "how lonesome I would be without you!"

"I know, Tom, but it is for the best," replied his friend seriously. "I am sure Our Lord heard that prayer, because Father Fink told me He'd give me whatever I asked for today. But there I am keeping you awake and you are tired. Good night!"

"Good night, old boy!" responded Tom, creeping between the blankets, "I sure hope your prayer don't come true!"

Tom lay for a moment thinking of the words of his friend. Then weary nature asserted herself and he fell asleep. He was aroused after what seemed to him a few moments rest by the voice of the Top Sergeant. He glanced at his wrist watch and saw that it was three o'clock in the morning.

"Come you fellows!" barked the sergeant cheerily; "turn out, all of you! there's work for some,—real man sized work and the Skipper wants you all to line up. Come on!"

In a trice the recumbent figures in the bunks sprang to their feet. At the front, on the firing lines,—no soldier disrobes at night. Ever ready for the call to battle must they be. Hence they are prepared for duty a moment after they awake. Tom rose to his feet with the rest.

"Sorry, Doyle, but you're out of this!" said the Sergeant. "Turn in for another hour. Skipper says, to have breakfast ready for the boys at half past five. We'll be back by then. Come on you fellows,—get a wiggle on!"

Tom reluctantly returned to his bunk and lay there in silence for a few minutes. Most of the men returned, seized rifle and bayonet, and were off before he had a chance to get an explanation from them as to the reason for their hurry. Ted was among the last to come in.

He took no rifle nor bayonet. Instead he rumaged in his kit bag for an instant and then bent over his chum.

"Asleep, Tom?" he inquired.

"Nope!" responded Tom; "too disappointed at not going, to be able to sleep. What's doing?"

"The artillery fell down on their job in an attempt to smash up the German wire on Hill No. 8. Nobody's fault. Simply couldn't be done, that's all. Our Colonel offered to send a dozen men out with T. N. T. and blow the whole wire entanglement to blazes. He was told to go to it. The Infantry is to go over at dawn and try to take the hill. It's up to us to clear the way. The Company will all help, but twelve volunteers are to blow up the wire. I'm one of the twelve."

"Good for you, old boy! Wish I were with you!" said Tom warmly.

"So do I, Tom," said Ted. "But it's going to be ticklish work. Here Tom is my mother's picture and a letter I wrote but did not quite finish. If I don't come back, tell her my last thoughts were of her and how happy I am to be a Catholic. So long, old pal!"

"So long, Ted,—the best of luck! God and our Lady protect you," said Tom throwing his arms around the neck of his chum and embracing him warmly.

"Bye, bye, old scout!" said Ted cheerily turning as he reached the door of the dugout. "If I don't come back remember my prayer was heard!" And he disappeared in the darkness.

Tom arose and extinguished the candle which his friend had lit and in his excitement had left burning. Then he tried to sleep. But the last words of his friend had banished slumber. He lay sadly on his bunk for a while. Then before the first streaks of dawn had appeared, he rose, and in the darkness hunted out the wheeled kitchen of the Company, and began to prepare breakfast. Soon the aroma of steaming coffee and the savory odors of frying bacon began to permeate the forest. Now and then a passing soldier or even a staid and dignified officer would stop for a moment to sniff the appetizing odors, and Tom with a smile would proffer them a generous ration which was invariably accepted.

Shortly after five o'clock, N Company began to stream back through the woods. Arms and accoutrements were quickly laid aside and the men with ravenous avidity attacked the toothsome rations. Tom care-

fully laid aside a liberal portion of choice morsels for his friend Ted, who was not among the first arrivals.

"What luck?" inquired Tom eagerly of the first member of N Company to appear with his mess kit.

"Fine business!" responded the engineer. "We kept down the Heinie's fire with rifle and machine gun, and twelve of the boys crept out with an awful charge of T. N. T. and blew the whole German entanglement to smithereens. Too bad we weren't allowed to go over with the infantry. They cleaned up three lines of German trenches in a jiffy and were just going over the crest of the hill when we were ordered back."

"How about the twelve who blew up the wire. Any casualties?"

"Dunno!" said the man walking away with his rations and eating as he walked. "Heard some one say one or two got bumped off. They were lucky at that."

Again and again Tom inquired for news of his friend. He was told that their task accomplished, the twelve engineers had scattered and made their way back to the lines as best they could. One man had been wounded and brought in. Of the others nothing was known. Perhaps they had gone up the hill with the Infantry.

Tom forced himself to swallow some breakfast. He placed in his oven a savory meal for Ted, cleaned up his kitchen and repaired to his dugout; but still no Ted appeared. Weary with dull foreboding Tom sat dejectedly on his bunk, when he was roused by a short sharp cheer that as quickly died away. He ran to the door of the dugout where a touching scene met his gaze.

Along the path that led through the forest marched ten of the twelve Engineers who had blown up the wire. The cheer had been for them. But now their comrades who had been laughing and cheering a moment before stood strangely silent. Their hands raised to the salute in double file they stood whilst the ten heroes passed silently between them. The ten bore a burden,—a burden which struck to silent reverent sadness the carefree soldiers, accustomed as they were to scenes of death and carnage. Under an army blanket on a rude litter made of branches from the trees lay a form mute and still,—the body of one who had paid the greatest price a man can pay for liberty, who had made the supreme sacrifice for God and country.

Tom had no need to guess the identity of the still form on the litter. From lip to lip flashed the whispered news: "Cullom got this, poor

chap!" The attitude of the soldiers and their salute told him his friend was dead, for the salute is the last tribute of the army to the gallant dead as they pass the rank and file.

For the next hour Tom lived as in a hateful dream. Silently tenderly the body of Ted was borne to the dugout, silently reverently the members of the Company passed before the rude bunk which formed his bier and gazed for the last time at the form of their comrade. The blanket which had covered him had been removed and the pale lifeless form, lay in the bullet rent uniform just as the Infantry had found him where he had fallen, and lay gasping out his life.

All this while Tom stood at a distance mute and tearless. File after file of his comrades passed him by, but no one spoke a word. There is a silence strong men respect, a grief they understand and on which they will not intrude. At the end there was a whisper and several who had been lingering withdrew and left the comrades, the living and the dead alone together.

Slowly, sadly, silently, Tom approached his dead friend. Sorely riddled with machine gun bullets was that recumbent form, and yet the manly beauty was unmarred. Tom gazed upon his friend, on the lips of Ted his wonted smile seemed hovering. Peace and calm despite the violence of the torture of the last dread hour of life, breathed from every line. The arms were folded on the breast, kind hands had closed the staring eyes. Serene and peaceful lay the lifeless clay, but in one hand clasped with a firm unyielding grasp,—lay Ted's greatest treasure,—the Rosary he had just learned to say.

A caressing hand Tom laid upon the hair of the man he had loved so tenderly. Gently he stooped and reverently kissed the cold and clammy brow. Then in a flood of anguish he threw himself upon his knees and poured forth his grief in a torrent of scalding tears.

He was roused by a touch on his shoulder. Raising his eyes, he beheld Father Fink. The priest gently raised the sorrowing soldier to his feet, and whispered: Tom, boy! we must not weep as they who have no hope. Ted is with our Lord, far from grief and pain. Remember the joy of yesterday: for him that joy will have no end. God bless you, lad! I know how you feel. You have come to the parting of the ways. Henceforth you must struggle on alone. But pray, lad, pray! pray that our death may be like his, when we, too, shall come to the parting of the ways.

J. R. MELVIN, C. Ss. R.

(To be continued.)

	Catholic Anecdotes	
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ALWAYS WITH YOU

One of the most beautiful stories of the Bible is that of Tobias. The aged Tobias wishes to send his son, of the same name, to collect a debt from a relative living in a distant city. Fearing to send the boy so far without a companion, he tells him:

"Try to find some young man to accompany you and offer him a fitting remuneration."

The youthful Tobias goes out in search of such a companion, and finds a young man of distinguished appearance, to whom, somehow, he is instinctively drawn. He puts his request to him, and the stranger shows himself willing to comply.

"Can you lead my son to Gabelus at Rages, and when you shall return, I shall pay your hire?" asks the old man.

"I will lead your son safe," replies the stranger, who is no other than an angel in disguise; "and I will bring him to you again safe."

The young Tobias set out with his companion. He saves the boy from death in the river Tigris, he leads him safely to his destination, he helps him to secure the money he was sent to get, he helps him, even, to win a wife, and leads the youth and his wife homeward. As they approach the home, the stranger said to Tobias:

"As soon as thou shalt come into thy house, forthwith adore the Lord, thy God, and give Him thanks. Then go to thy father, and kiss him, and anoint his eyes (the old man was blind) with the gall of the fish, and his sight will be returned."

Tobias did as the angel-companion had bidden him. Immediately the father's sight was restored. Amid the joy of the whole family, the old man wished to offer the stranger a rich reward for his faithfulness and favors. This was his answer:

"Bless ye the God of heaven; give glory to him in the sight of all that live, because He hath shown His mercy to you When thou didst pray with tears and didst bury the dead, I offered thy prayers to the Lord. And because thou wast acceptable to God, it was necessary that temptation should prove thee. And now the Lord hath sent me to heal thee, and deliver thy son's wife from the influence of

Satan. For, I am the Angel Raphael, one of the seven who stand before the Lord."

At these words the whole family was seized with fear and awe. But the angel reassured them:

"Peace be to you; fear not. I am with you by the will of God. Bless Him and praise His holy Name." . . . And with that he disappeared.

Our angel, ever at our side, might speak to us in the same way.

WHISTLING TO OUR LADY

An English soldier, writing to his old mother recently, cheered her heart by the following:

"For some days I was anxious to go to confession, but there was no priest in our parts. I was walking along the road alone, whistling your favorite hymn and mine, 'O Purest of Creatures, Sweet Mother, Sweet Maid,' thinking how the Mother of God has a care of us. She knew my want just then. Rounding a corner, still whistling, I met an officer, saluted, and he answered back:

"'You're a Catholic, boy?'"

"'Yes, sir,' I answered.

"'Thought so from the tune of your whistling,' continued the officer. 'Been to confession lately? I'm a Catholic priest.'"

"'Ah, sure I'm lucky. 'Twas you I was whistling for to the Mother of God! I'm ready to confess, Father, and so are some of the lads back there. Could you be coming to us?'"

"'Gladly,' answered the priest officer.

"And the hymn whistled to Our Lady proved instrumental in winning many graces for soldier souls that day."

LOYALTY, THE GRACE OF CONFIRMATION

Among the Generals in the army of King Sapor of Persia (in the fourth century) was one Hormisdas, the bravest of them all. When the King heard that Hormisdas was a Christian, he demanded that the General renounce his faith. But he answered fearlessly:

"I have pledged my fidelity as a soldier and servant of the Most High King, and if I were unfaithful to the promise made to my God in Confirmation, thou, O Sapor, shouldst with right distrust my fidelity to thee."

"But it is I that clothe and sustain and honor thee," said Sapor; "And I do not want thee to have another King above me, whom thou must at any time think fit to obey in things which are contrary to my commands."

"Yet," replied Hormisdas, "I should obey God first, and my king in all things that are just and in accordance with God's laws."

"Very well, then," said the King, "leave the palace and all thy possessions and see whether thy God will clothe and protect thee as thou hast been clad and protected by me."

Hormisdas went; for long years he served as a slave leading the camels of the army through the desert. One day, when the army paraded before the palace, Sapor saw the slave that led them, half naked, burnt by the sun, bent with fatigue. Somebody laughed and pointing a finger at him said:

"Look there! That was once Hormisdas!"

The king, momentarily moved by his plight, called Hormisdas and offering him his own cloak, said:

"Hormisdas, leave thy folly! Put on this cloak befitting your origin and renounce the service of the Carpenter's Son!"

"No, no!" replied the slave; "if I am to accept thy gift at the sacrifice of my allegiance to my heavenly King, and to lay down the baptismal robe which I freely accepted and pledged myself to carry unstained to the throne of God—then keep thy gift!"

With these words he handed back the royal cloak. Sapor, enraged at his firmness, had him beaten and starved to death.

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE

Garcia Moreno was President of Ecuador in South America between 1861-1875. His name will go down in the annals of his country as that of a great ruler, a loyal Catholic, and a martyr to his faith.

On one occasion he had invited some Irish laborers to manage a number of large sawmills. He visited them one day, and after examining their work, asked them to dine with him.

During the dinner he asked his guests about the religious customs of their country, and incidentally, inquired whether they knew any hymn in honor of our Lady.

"Why, yes," they replied; and, delighted to find so ready a listener, immediately sang a few stanzas for him.

"You love the Blessed Virgin, then, in your country?" asked the President.

"O Yes, with all our hearts!" they replied.

"Well then," said he, "let us kneel down together and say her rosary, that we may persevere in loving and serving God."

They did so with tears in their eyes at the kindness and devotion of the great man. Later on, when Moreno was killed by an assassin, they found on his breast a relic of the true cross and the scapular, and around his neck, his rosary.

AN ARCHBISHOP'S PRAYER

The following prayer from the Archbishop of Philadelphia and quoted in the London *Universe*, is at once a fervent prayer and a vivid historical meditation.

"What people have served Thee as the Irish race?

"In the day of Ireland's prosperity and pre-eminence in learning and holiness, her missionaries carried the light of Thy Gospel over Europe, from the highlands of Scotland to the plains of Lombardy.

"During centuries of persecution the flower of her children emptied their veins of their blood as martyrs of religion. Others were ruthlessly cast forth from their homes and the choice lands of their country were parcelled out to their foes.

"The boon of education was forbidden them, and then they were mocked by their oppressors as ignorant, and uncultured.

"Like wolves their priests were hunted down in the fastness of the mountains, and a felon's price was set on their heads.

Laws, penalizing them with racks and ropes, were enacted to terrorize and crush them.

"The bread was taken from the mouths of Irish children and their strong men died of starvation by the roadside.

"Combined tyranny and want drove them in myriads to the four corners of the earth.

"But wherever they have roamed as outcasts, they have witnessed to Thy Faith; and out of the savings of their sweat and toil they have dotted the surface of the globe with temples to Thee.

"How long, O Lord, is Ireland to suffer? For centuries she has been nearest to the cross of Thy crucified Son. We pray that having, like Him, been fixed to the wood of the cross, like Him also she may be raised by Thee from the dead."

Pointed Paragraphs

A SHOWER OF ROSES

One of the most beautiful months of the year, October, is here again. In almost every church and chapel throughout the world hundreds of men and women, youths and maidens, old people and children, sisters and priests and laypeople, gather before the Blessed Sacrament and the image of our Lady: and from those thousands of hearts and thousands of lips, Our Fathers and Hail Mary's ascend to heaven to bloom like roses before the throne of God.

It is Our Lady's Autumn pageant. What a "shower of Roses" for those we hold dear in heaven: Our Redeemer and His blessed Mother! Will your roses be among them?

YOUR MOST FAITHFUL FRIEND

On the second of October, the Feast of the Holy Angels, the Church recalls to our minds one of the most consoling beliefs of the Catholic world.

It is indeed a most mysterious, and consoling feeling that overcomes us, when we think that ever beside us, taking an active interest in our life, is a sacred spirit. To come into communication with him we need not have recourse to any twilight seances, we need not sacrifice health and reason in an attempt to put ourselves in an irrational passivity; he is not one of those supremely conceited, always tiresome and ignorant, often blasphemous spirits that figure in spiritism; no, he is an angel sent by God to help us in the one great concern of our life: the winning of heaven.

Brace up, then! How proud you would be, if you walked into the midst of your friends beside General Pershing, the hero of the hour! But beside you walks a heavenly spirit,—one of those pure spirits that enjoy the vision of God,—so pure that we always picture them in white garments,—so holy that we portray them as brilliant as the sun.

Brace up! Lonely though you may seem to be and unnoticed by men, an angel, one of God's chosen spirits, never wearies of you, but keeps you faithful company.

Brace up! Hard as life's tasks may be,—difficult as the avoidance of sin and the fulfilment of all your duties and the practice of Christian

virtue may appear, beside you is a holy spirit, ready to aid and help, if you but heed his whispered words of warning and advice.

Often repeat the prayer you learnt in childhood days; it will recall all these benefits to you:

Angel of God, my Guardian dear,
To whom His love commits me here;
Ever this day be at my side,
To light and guard, to help and guide.

STUBBORN FACTS

One of the things which must always be a serious problem for the non-Catholic is the number and the character of the men who, after mature consideration and often at great cost, leave the non-Catholic forms of religion.

They come from every denomination: From Episcopalianism, from Anglicanism, from Unitarianism, from Lutheranism, even from Methodism, which is so strangely bitter and venomous against the Church. They are men and women, some in the prime of life, some in the mature years of old age. They are men who have long held the highest positions that these denominations can offer. They are men who were always esteemed for learning, for ability, for earnestness and piety. What explanation can be offered? Let us see.

A short time ago the Episcopalian Bishop of Delaware saw himself forced in conscience to abandon the Episcopalian church. Why? He tells us, because Episcopalianism officially recognized doctrines which made it impossible to hold the Apostles' Creed, Holy Orders and the Sacraments. But, various non-Catholic papers, feeling uneasy at the event, rush to the front with another explanation: "He cannot distinguish between a question of principle and of policy. To leave one's church because one does not agree with its policy, is unjustifiable. But, it is only a matter of policy whether the church admits contradictory doctrines, whether she admits heresy within its pale or excludes it."

The Christian martyrs who died for the faith,—the Apostles who preached the Gospel and anthematized all who would preach differently from them,—Christ Himself and all the past ages of Christianity must stand aghast at such a pronouncement.

Recently too, the brilliant son of an Anglican Bishop, Reginald

Knox, left Anglicanism and joined the Church. In a splendid book, *A Spiritual Aeneid*, he gives the reasons for his conversion; chief of these was his desire for certainty, both as to doctrine and as to principles of morality,—a certainty which the non-Catholic religions could not, and did not pretend to give.

But a writer in the *New Republic* of Aug. 27, knows better. The reason was because he did not read the "great German works on primitive Christianity". Imagine! A few weeks ago anything German would not have been called great. Apparently all that they wish to preserve of German accomplishment, is their destructive criticism of the Catholic Church; that is always valid. If this is not a plain but vain subterfuge, what is it?

Incidentally this same writer says, the reason of Cardinal Newman's conversion, was "his ignorance and inability to read German". Newman was ignorant, I suppose, because he was the greatest mind England ever produced.

FACTS AND FICTION ABOUT EXERCISE

Many falsely think that exercise is found not in honest work but only in the gymnasium, natatorium, on the sporting fields or in the clubrooms. A friend of mine told me the following little incident.

Calling on a mother of a large, grown-up family, I found her in the yard sawing and splitting wood. Surprised, I queried why her twenty-two year old son failed to do that work for her.

"Oh!" she sighed wearily, John is so tired when he comes home from the office that he has to go down to the gymnasium for some exercise."

He needs exercise: he goes to the gymnasium and clubrooms; his mother does not need exercise, so she splits the wood.

THE PILLARS OF ATHEISM

One of the most noticeable characteristics of atheists is, their blatant dogmatism; they speak as if they were the only holders of the wisdom of the world. One of these was Professor Ernst Haeckel of Berlin, who died recently.

When we consider his case we ask ourselves: How is it that such a man could pass before the world as an authority? Not only was he "caught red-handed", as our school-boys say, in a falsification of illus-

trations, in order to force them to prove his godless theory of evolution, but many writers of note who have examined his works declare him absolutely unreliable.

Thus Professor Chwolson, of Russia, speaks of Haeckel's gospel of atheism, "The Riddle of the Universe:"

"The result of our investigation is terrible, we might say, it makes one's hair stand on end! Everything, absolutely everything that Haeckel says in connection with physical research is false, is based on misconceptions, or betrays an almost incredible ignorance of the most fundamental questions."

Chwolson concludes: "Haeckel belongs to those writers who ignore and despise the twelfth Commandment: 'Thou shalt never write about anything thou dost not understand'."

A WORD ON THE SOCIAL PROBLEM

The Roman aristocracy gathered at the Vatican recently to present offerings to the Pope.

Replying to an address from Prince Mark Antony Colonna, His Holiness warned the well-to-do classes against the dangers of aloofness from the common people.

"Your plain duty," said the Pope, speaking with great earnestness, "is to go into the midst of the masses, to put yourselves in contact with the humblest, alleviating their sufferings and helping forward their education."

THE BANKRUPTCY OF SPIRITISM

"While everything else has been advancing, Spiritualism has stood still. Instead of giving up its idolatries and vanities, it is still fooling with tables and slates and pencils and pens and banjos, pianos, cabinets, bells, violins and guitars; and with these things it has tipped and rattled, talked and rapped, fiddled and scribbled, materialized and dematerialized, entranced, demonstrated and exhibited; it has given utterance to the most profound nonsense; told us many things which we already knew as well as many other things which we do not yet know; but when we shift it all and look for even a sediment of real instruction, dependable information and profitable, valuable knowledge we find that Spiritualism is as barren as the Sahara Desert and as empty as a hollow gourd. And this in spite of the fact that Spiritualists

claim they are in touch with hundreds of times as many disembodied spirits as there are men in the flesh, and some are the spirits of inventors, musicians, authors, statesmen, poets, and great thinkers. These spirits, Spiritualists claim, still know all that they ever knew when on earth and have been learning a great deal more since they entered the spirit world. It would seem that they ought to be able to accomplish a great deal more than mortals with these added powers and this extended experience. They have had as free access to the public mind and press as men in the flesh, and there is no end of mediums who are ready to receive communications of their advanced learning. And yet all they can do is to utter and tip and rap and rattle and lie and deceive and lead unwary souls away from God to destruction and insanity. They have achieved nothing for human advancement in six thousand years."

THE SMUTTY STORY

- It advertises your ignorance.
- It displays your lack of sense of decency.
- It indicates the state of your inner character.
- It exhibits the nature of your inner soul.
- It shows your better self is being suppressed.
- It illustrates the sordidness of your soul.
- It typifies the meagerness of your sources of entertainment.
- It proclaims the coarseness of your ideas of humor.
- It tells the inadequacy of your means of expression.
- It reveals the depths of defilement you have already reached.
- It proves to your friends how greatly they may be disappointed in you.
- It stultifies the testimony of those who said you were a good fellow.
- It soils the imagination of your hearers.
- It hangs vulgar pictures on the inner chamber of the imagination of other men from which they cannot escape.
- It disgusts men of finer sensibilities who care for the clean and wholesome things of life.
- It nauseates good men who love fun but hate dirt.
- It dishonors your parents and your wife and your children, and your friends and your home and your business and your God.

—S. W. McGill in *Association Men*.

	Catholic Events	
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Monsignor Kelley, President of the Catholic Church Extension Society, states that in spite of rumors and even newspaper interviews to the effect that President Carranza has, or will, abate the persecution laws of Mexico, against the Church, no step has as yet been taken towards that end.

All the favorable indications are summed up in the fact that the Bishops have been permitted to return; but all are not yet in their dioceses. The seized religious buildings are yet retained by the government. In Sonora only one priest is permitted for about five thousand people. The religious question in Mexico is far away from a satisfactory solution at the present time.

* * *

Word has been received of the death on August 12 of Rt. Rev. Maurice P. Foley, at Jaro, Iloilo, Philippine Islands, where he had been stationed for three years.

Bishop Foley was born in Boston in 1867. He was consecrated Bishop of Tuguegarao, P. I., on December 15, 1910. This diocese consisted of about 10,000 square miles, and had a population of about a quarter of a million. In September, 1916, Bishop Foley was transferred to the bishopric of Jaro, Iloilo.

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According to an Associated Press report from Rome, the Pope has decided to hold a consistory in November or December, at which new Cardinals will be created. The dispatch also says that in Vatican circles, it is stated that the Pontiff has not yet made up his mind whether Americans will be included in the honor list, but that if they are, the prelates most likely to receive the Red Hat will be the Archbishops of Chicago and Philadelphia.

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It is also rumored in Rome that Signor Nitti, the Italian Premier, is preparing a treaty with the Holy Father, whereby all the Apostolic Palaces in the city are to be regarded as the territory of a sovereign state; this would insure the liberty of the Pope outside of the confines of the Vatican, and might be looked upon as a beginning of a solution of the Roman Question. However, things are still very uncertain.

* * *

France, it seems, has decided to do without a Papal representative. In a letter from Rome, the Catholic Press Association writes:

Once again the French government has thrown away a chance. It has long been evident that opinion in France, in favor of the restoration of diplomatic relations with the Vatican, was enormously strong and ever growing. The matter has been brought up again in the Chamber, supported by deputies of all shade of political opinion, and was turned down by the obstinacy of the foreign Secretary, M. Pichon, with a small band of Masons at his back.

The forty-fifth annual convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, was held in New York, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 6 and 7. It was attended by 250 delegates representing young men's societies in various parts of the country. In opening the convention Mr. M. J. Slattery, President of the organization, declared that the purpose of the meeting was to discuss the problems affecting the young men during the period of after-the-war reconstruction. Mr. Slattery said 83,000 members of the union, or more than forty per cent, answered the country's call to the colors during the war. "Some of the clubs, he said, "had to disband because of the number of men who left."

* * *

The K. of C. have made a public account of the money collected by them for war-relief purposes; it is an honor to them. During the 12 months ending June 30, 1919, they have spent on war-relief work, \$16,794,552.41. For work in the United States, the K. of C. spent \$5,468,060.79. On free creature comforts they spent \$7,000,000.00. For administrative purposes, collection, care, and distribution of funds they spent \$166,616.75.

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In order to help returning army and navy men back to serious occupation, the K. of C. committee on war activities, offered a total of 100 scholarships to American veterans of the war, regardless of creed. The scholarships will be effective in forty-one of the leading educational institutions of the country, and will be altogether a distinct work apart from the K. of C. supplementary school system now being organized in the various camps.

* * *

Richard Murphy, bass singer at St. James' Church, Boston, more than 60 years, sang his last Mass on a recent Sunday, and on Wednesday bade farewell to his friends of the parish, many of whom he had watched grow from infancy to old age. The veteran soloist, who had been singing in one long uninterrupted career for 77 years, will spend the remainder of his life in the quiet of a pleasant home in the suburbs. During his long period of service in the Catholic Churches of the city the aged singer has made the enviable record of not missing a Sunday.

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Wednesday, August 13, marked the close of the extraordinary life of Sister M. de Chantal of La Grange, Illinois.

Sr. M. de Chantal embraced the religious life at the age of 74 years, —a privilege rarely granted to one of such advanced years. She is the mother of 13 children, ten of whom survive her. Two of her daughters are the foundresses of the Sisters of St. Joseph,—Rev. Mother Alexine of La Grange, and Rev. Mother Bernard of Eureka, California.

She entered the community at La Grange (in which her own daughter was superior) after the death of her husband, and lived to pronounce her final vows, a fitting climax to a life which had always been devoted to the service of God.

Major General De Rosey C. Cabell, U. S. A., Commandant at San Antonio and of all our forces along the Mexican border, is a convert to the Church, according to Father Otis, S. J., his brother-in-law.

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The Very Rev. Francis H. Gavisk, chancellor of the Indianapolis diocese, has been made a prothonotary apostolic. The appointment carries with it the title of Monsignor.

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Monsignor Michael O'Riordan, Rector of the Irish College in Rome, died on August 27. He had been dangerously ill in the spring, but had recovered sufficiently to be removed from the hospital to the college, where he had periods of seeming improvement. He himself hoped to regain sufficient strength to make a visit to Ireland. But the end came rather suddenly. Mons. O'Riordan was one of the most distinguished and best esteemed ecclesiastical figures in Rome. Pope Benedict had a personal affection for him and sent a private chamberlain to bring him the papal blessing the evening before he died.

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The Catholics of Germany are arranging for a Catholic Congress to be held at Aachen probably during this month. It will be the first Congress since 1913.

Various problems confronting the Catholics of Germany will be discussed, and a number of special conferences for the clergy are planned. The usual procession, which has always been a feature of the Congress, will not take place this year. Instead there will be solemn services in all the churches and chapels of the city.

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Hundreds of new Boy Scout Troops are now being organized in Catholic Parishes throughout the country according to a statement issued by the National Headquarters, Boy Scouts of America. The total already formed approximate 500, and it is believed by the Catholic War Council that 1,000 units will be in existence within the year.

The Sisters of the Visitation, St. Louis, have received a special official cable from Rome announcing the date of the canonization of Blessed Margaret Mary, which will be May 13, 1920. A few days later, Joan of Arc will be raised to the supreme honors of the altar.

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After 14 years of loyal and faithful service, Mr. J. H. Meier, has resigned as editor and business manager of the Official Catholic Directory.

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The Boston "Congregationalist" has discovered a veritable mare's nest. One of its correspondents, whom it designates as, "one of our well-known and successful army chaplains," has been in Ireland recently and he has found out that the Pope is planning to remove his residence to the Isle of Saints. The whole purpose of the Sinn Fein movement, in his estimation, is to prepare Ireland for the coming of Pope Benedict XV. He is really serious about it; and the "Literary Digest" has seen fit to reproduce his report from the "Congregationalist"!—*Exchange*.

The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

What would be the best book to give to a non-Catholic husband to read, preparing him for instruction?

It is not easy to say absolutely which book would be the best, since books make so different an appeal to different readers. I can suggest to you three or four, any of which would be good; you can choose the one easiest for you to procure or the one you judge more suitable for your husband's character.

Catholic Religion. A statement of Christian Teaching and History. By C. A. Martin. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis.

Faith of Our Fathers. By Card. Gibbons.

The Hand of God: A Theology for the People. By Martin Scott. S. J. Kenedy and Son, New York.

Father Tim's Talks. By C. D. McEnniry, C. Ss. R. Herder Book Co. Two small volumes, interesting and informing.

Is it right to vote the Socialist ticket as a protest against the ruling parties?

Archbishop Messmer of Milwaukee answered this question in a Letter written to his clergy, March 27, 1919. He says:

"You cannot right wrong by committing another wrong, and you are not allowed to use an evil means for a good purpose. Do not say that here in this country Socialism will not be able to carry out its nefarious and anti-Christian principles in our public and national life. Europe today teaches us a terrible lesson. What Socialism can and will do if given a free hand stands clearly before us in the horrible deeds of the Bolsheviks. . . . But a few years ago who would have imagined that events and conditions as we see them in Europe today would ever be possible?"

Are miracles still worked on earth?

Let facts speak. Just lately news came from Naples that the blood of St. Januarius has again liquified as usual. Noted scientists have examined this phenomenon and have declared themselves incapable of explaining it. The Process of Canonization of Bl. Margaret M. Alacoque and of Joan of Arc have just been completed. This

always implies the proof of at least two new miracles.—The process of Canonization of Ven. John Neumann, C. Ss. R., has been reopened and that of the "Little Flower" has been introduced,—which again implies that miracles have been wrought. A body of 80 doctors is constantly in attendance at Lourdes and recently a book has been published under their supervision, discussing the miraculous cures worked at this famous shrine of Our Lady.

Is it superstitious to believe that a curse pronounced by a lay person will have any effect upon one's earthly happiness? Take for instance the curse of the House of Hapsburg pronounced, according to a popular story, by the Countess Karolyi, which is said to have overshadowed the reign of Francis Joseph of Austria.

God sometimes permits the evil to befall the one cursed; but, He does this to effect some greater good,—for example, to teach respect for parents, to warn us against oppressing the poor, etc. This does not mean that the person pronouncing the curse is justified in doing so. To believe, however, that the curse will infallibly have its effect, is superstitious.

What is the difference between schismatic and heretical churches?

1. Strictly speaking those are called schismatic churches who deny no article of faith, but simply refuse obedience to the authority of the Pope or legitimate authority of the Church.—Heretical on the other hand means that some article of faith has been denied.

2. However the Greek Orthodox and other Oriental Churches are sometimes called schismatic although since the Vatican Council defined the Primacy and Infallibility of the Pope, they are strictly speaking heretical.

They are still called *schismatic* however to distinguish them from Protestant denominations; for while the Orders among Protestants are invalid—those of the Greeks are valid and hence they have priests and bishops who can consecrate, ordain and in cases absolve.

Some Good Books

The Years of the Shadow. By Katherine Tynan. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. Price, \$4.50.

One of the best supplements to history and biography are the little and very intimate reminiscences told of men and events by keen and enlightened observers. Just at present such books of reminiscences are commanding especial attention. We need only refer to the many books of the kind lately published and to the reminiscences of Col. Watterson, published at present in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

While we know the great deeds of men, we like to fill up the gaps in their lives, by seeing them in the ordinary walks of daily life. Katherine Tynan has met many great and interesting literary men, and in the volume before us speaks interestingly and informingly of them.

Teachers of history and literature especially will welcome such a book; it will supply them with so much material to enliven their instruction. It should be in every Catholic library.

It is well to note that from the pen of the same author we have two other volumes of equal value: "Twenty-five Years", and "The Middle Years".

The Government of Religious Communities. By Hector Papi, S. J. P. J. Kenedy and Sons, 44 Barclay St., New York. Price \$1.00; postpaid, \$1.10.

This is an excellent commentary on that part of the New Code of Canon Law which concerns religious superiors.

There is a preliminary treatise on the establishment and suppression of religious communities. Here the requirements for opening a new religious house are well given. In the principal part of the book, after a classification of the various kinds of superiors, there is a good description of the manner of election. Then the obligations of the various superiors are treated. The chapter on confessors is exceptionally good. It will be welcomed not only by superiors, but by subjects and priests as well.

The author's commentary on the canon concerning the manifestation of conscience is the best we have seen. In the final chapter the administration

of temporal goods, should, we think, have received fuller treatment. The commentary is correct throughout, and we have found nothing worthy of adverse criticism.

To the Heart of the Child. By Josephine Van Dyke Brownson. The Encyclopedia Press, New York. \$1.00.

Many books have been written for children and on the manner of instructing them. None possess a greater charm than does Miss Brownson's. The book is intended for those who instruct children—the school-teacher, the Sister, the mother, and it should have a very wide circulation with those for whom it is intended.

It is simple. It takes away all the more difficult, old-styled mannerisms of expression which were, for the child, as difficult to understand as were the truths purposed to be illustrated. It is original. Not in a bold, doubtful way, but in the field of illustration and the suggestive treatment of topics. It is graphic. Drawings are used—outlines that can be reproduced on the blackboard or tablet to assist the child's imagination, arouse its attention and enliven its interest.

Common Sense Drawing. By Eleanor Lane. Krone Bros., New York. Price, \$5.00.

This book is one of the many evidences of the great ability of our Catholic Sisters in the field of teaching. Drawing, the great bugbear of many a child at school, and therefore, correspondingly a bugbear for many a teacher, has seldom found so wise and so careful an exposition. This book will help to teach the child how to draw and at the same time to take a pleasure in the work.

It will be a real assistance to teachers in the primary and grammar grades. The book is the work of a sister of the Society of the Holy Childhood of Jesus, who under the name of "Eleanor Lane" is well-known in art circles.

De Conferenda Absolutione Sacramentali Juxta Canonem 886 Codicis Juris Canonici. Scriptis, Franciscus Ter Haar, C. Ss. R.

A brochure that will interest priests.

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Lucid Intervals</h2>	
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One night an old negro heard a flutter among his poultry.

"So I takes down my gun," he says, "an' creeps 'long in de dark. De doah of my chick-'n-house is wide open an' I sticks de revolvah inside an' says, 'Ef yo' don't come outen dat, yo' low-down, thievin' niggah who's in dere, I jest blow yo' black head to pieces.'"

"He don't let on, an' I shout out agen, 'Who's dah!'"

"Den I hea'd dat crim'n'l niggah say, squaky, like 'e was jest gwine to cry, 'It's only us chickens!'"

"I think I hear an alarm of fire!" said a bored husband, watching a very dull play. "I must go and see where it is."

His wife, whose hearing was less acute, made way for him in silence.

"It wasn't fire after all," he said on his return.

"Nor water either!" said his wife caustically.

The English lecture was drawing slowly to a close. Only 10 minutes more of agony remained, and the unfortunate victims were getting decidedly restless.

"Now," proceeded the professor, "we have considered all the immortal heroes of Shakespearean tragedy except the renowned Hamlet. And, where, I ask, shall we place Hamlet?"

The tall Frosh in the rear seat slowly rose to his feet.

"Well," he said, "I guess he can have my seat. I'm going."

"Carry your bag," asked an eager little boy to a man who was hurrying toward the railroad station.

"No, thanks!" shortly replied the man.

"I'll carry it all the way to the station for a dime," persisted the lad.

"I tell you I don't want it carried," impatiently retorted the man.

"Don't yer?" said the boy, running along with the man.

"No, I don't," angrily replied the man.

"Then," asked the boy, "what are you carrying it for?"

Mrs. Hicks, a Maine housewife, is so painfully neat that she makes life miserable for her family. One of her rules is that all members of the household must remove their shoes before entering the house.

"Bill," she remonstrated one day with her husband, "I found a grease spot on one of the dining room chairs and I think it came off of those pants you wear in the shop."

A brief silence ensued, then a volcanic eruption. "Well, Mirandy, for the last 15 years I've taken off my shoes every time I come into this house, but I'll be hanged if I'll go further."

"I want a pair of shoes for this little girl," said the mother.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the shoe clerk. "French kid?"

"Well, I guess not," was the irate answer. "She is my own child, born right here in Chicago."

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., tells a story about a miner who explained one day to a bishop why he never went to church.

"You see, it's like this," the miner said: "the first time I went to church they threw water in my face, and the second time I went they tied me up to a woman I've had to keep ever since."

The bishop smiled grimly. "And the third time you go," he said, "they'll throw dirt on you."

A man was brought into court for the illicit distilling of whisky.

"What is your name?" asked the judge.

"Joshua, sir," was the reply. "Joshua?" repeated the judge. "Ah! Are you the Joshua who made the sun stand still?"

"No, sir, judge," was the answer. "I is the man who made the moon shine."

A top sergeant called the doughboy's attention to a cootie crawling up the front of his coat.

The doughboy carefully picked the animal off and placed it inside his coat. "Get inside, you little fool!" said the private. "Want to catch pneumonia!"



Redemptorist Burses

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communion and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our Professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by these students after they have become priests.

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